

May, 1986
Volume 1, Issue 3

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Volume 1, Issue 3

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Mag/Yearbook

This issue's dorms *BETA, ZETA*

inside lines inside lines inside lines

Mary Zimnik, Editor

As I rub my eyes in vain, desperately trying to focus in on the terminal's screen before me, I attempt to complete the conclusion to my paper.

God, is it a bad paper. I don't know if I would go so far as to say that it's the worse. . . but it's bad.

I go ahead and print it out, staple it up, and walk it over to my professor's office, late.

I gently rap on her door. Maybe she already went home. I can get security to put it in her mailbox.

"Hi Mary!"

How does she maintain that enthusiasm? Doesn't she know that my paper's late?

"What's up Mare?"

WHAT'S UP MARE?. . . what a lead in to my execution. I just know that she's waiting to GET me when my swollen, tired eyes finally give out.

"Oh, I see you have your paper done??? How did it come out. I know you were having trouble with your thesis."

When is this butchering, this cruel punishment going to end?

I know, she's testing me. Seeing who is stronger. We both know who is stronger -- she is.

"Well Professor, it's not quite what I thought it could have been if I could have put more of myself into it but I couldn't with so much going on and I feel really bad because I really do love your class and I love you too and your dog and your. . ."

WHAT WAS I SAYING. . . I LOVE YOUR DOG???????????

She's gonna give me an F. I know she is. Well, if I pull off a decent grade on my final, I'll be ok. What am I saying? What decent grade on my final?

"Mare, are you having problems? Is there anything I can help you with? You've been looking tired lately. I've also noticed that, when you're in class, your attention wanders. Why are you so frazzled?"

I knew she would end up bitching about those missed days. So what, I average class at least twice a week!

"Well professor, it's just been so much."

"Are you going to make it through the semester, Mare?"

This is it. She's setting me up for the BIG FALL.

"I'll make it."

"I know you will Mare."

"About the paper, and the test, and the missed days. Don't worry, we'll work it out. You just have to learn how to balance your time better. See ya Mare."

"See ya Professor. . . thanks Professor."
That's Eckerd.

Impact

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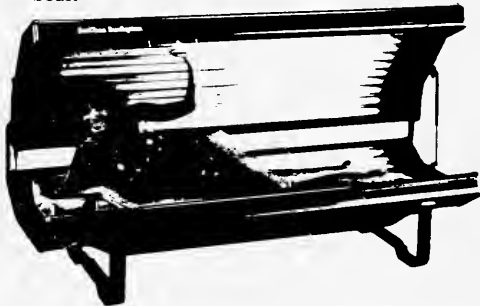
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The cover photo shows Wayne Harwell and Alan Rosenzweig awaiting their election results at a recent WECR TGI.

Photo taken by Mary Zimnik

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Toxic waste: caution, knowledge will prevent us from destroying the ocean

Shana Smith, science writer

Environmental Issues

The words "from sea to shining sea" can stir up a little patriotism in any American. We are bordered by the two largest "seas" in the world, the Pacific and the Atlantic Oceans. The way in which these oceans circulate and the animals which live in them define our climate, our food, our recreational activities, our well-being, and many other factors as well.

Humans, who reap the benefits of the oceans unappreciatively, have since ancient times disposed of their waste products into the sea. The result of this quick disposal was the slowing of the spread of disease, which allowed flourishing civilizations to develop and progress.

Of course, progress has associated with it problems, and in this century one problem has arisen which formerly was not given a second thought: the dumping of waste products into the oceans. Modern technology and the rise of nuclear power has introduced radioactive and other highly toxic waste products, a relatively new and controversial concept in man's history.

And since the early part of this century, the oceans have been suggested and used internationally as a trash basket for such wastes.

Therein lies the controversy. Does the dumping of radioactive and other wastes into the ocean give the phrase "from sea to shining sea" a double meaning? In other words, what is the environmental impact of such dumping?

Before exploring this any further, an important point should be made. There are no "advantages" or "disadvantages" regarding the various means of toxic waste disposal.

The fact that we have such wastes at all is a serious disadvantage to human progress. However, nuclear power is a potent

and efficient power source, and its undesirable waste products must simply be accepted and then dealt with in a way which works.

Dr. Jennings, professor of physical oceanography at Eckerd College, states it best: "I'm not in favor of ocean dumping, only as a better alternative to land dumping. We can't deny there are toxic wastes. If I deny there are toxic wastes I've got to get out of the modern age and go live in the hills. I have to realize the bad effects of some of these toxic wastes and once I'm at that level I become in favor of ocean dumping."

The words "ocean dumping" are the bane of naturalists, environmentalists, and even many scientists. We are educated with the idea of a frail ocean, a complex interweaving of systems and processes which when tampered with will fall apart like a fragile spider's web.

Certainly, nature is extremely complex and nothing to play around with, but its strength shouldn't be underestimated, either. The ocean is vast and its vastness gives it much of its strength.

Opponents of ocean dumping are primarily concerned with radiation leakage, effects on marine organisms, and the uptake of undesirable agents in the food chain. These opponents suggest that there must be alternative modes of disposal, namely, into the land.

In consideration of the above-mentioned concerns, Dr. Jennings responds as follows: "Either put it in the ocean or on land, and decide which of these...is really the least bad. My view, from what I know about the ocean in part, is to dump in the ocean at least certain kinds of things. For radioactive wastes, we should unquestionably put these into the ocean. I think organic wastes can

generally be neutralized. It may be expensive, but it's worth the safety."

Why should radioactive wastes be put into the ocean? Dr. Jennings uses plutonium as an example: "Plutonium by itself is not that much different from uranium, thorium, and radium, with the exception that plutonium can become airborne. Then it becomes quite dangerous as these particles can lodge in the lungs. If you look at the amount of radioactive plutonium in ocean water, as an example, and compare it with natural levels of uranium, thorium, and radium, plutonium is just a drop in the bucket compared to other radionuclides. Therefore, I think plutonium should by all means be put into the ocean for this reason and because of the problems it causes in the air."

Dr. Jennings is convinced that ocean dumping is "better than putting wastes into the rocks in Idaho." We know there's migration of elements into the land, which results in contamination with fresh water, and then we do have a problem.

How wastes are dumped into the ocean is currently a subject under debate. The big question is whether "concentrate and contain" or "dilute and disperse" is more favorable.

The Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) seems to favor the former method, and thus all of its regulated dumping is performed by concentrating waste material into concrete containers and embedding these containers within the ocean floor.

Opponents of this method claim that there is no way to efficiently and regularly check for leakage from the concentrated containers. However, leakage may actually be "favorable" in that it results in the slow diffusion of

the toxic materials such that they exist in the water at non-harmful levels. In order to apply the dilute and disperse method, harmfully concentrated amounts of waste material would be dumped and then dispersed by natural ocean circulation. The harm that such a situation would cause would be especially evident near coastal population centers.

What about the accumulation of toxic waste products up the food chain? It is known that some marine animals, such as mussels, accumulate pesticides, heavy metals, and radioactive residues that are even only minutely present in the seawater. The mussel is so sensitive that one can actually pinpoint the source of a pollutant by tracing the mussels with the highest concentrations of pollutants within their tissues.

In the general food chain, however, bioaccumulation is not as great. In 1971, a committee of the National Academy of Sciences performed a study of radioactivity in the marine environment. In this study, it was discovered that the greatest concentration ability

from the water was by the phytoplankton and zooplankton, but as the radioactivity moved up the food chain, less and less radioactivity was passed upward.

Furthermore, fish are accustomed to living in a highly radioactive environment that is natural, and, as Dr. Jennings points out, they will concentrate by fish. But it's natural or artificial. "Lead 210 decays to polonium 210, which is highly concentrated by fish. But it's natural; it's just there in the seawater, and it's been this way since the beginning of time. When we eat fish, we eat radioactivity."

So this presence of toxic and radioactive substances is natural, and what human beings add is only a very small percentage of the whole. The concern about ocean dumping is not only emotionally-based, however.

Humans have the potential and the power to adversely affect the oceanic ecosystem should the management of dumping get out of hand.

The Ocean Dumping Act of 1972 was enacted "to regulate ocean

dumping of all materials that would adversely affect human health, welfare, amenities, the marine environment, ecological systems, or economic potentialities."

The law is reasonable in that it does not completely prohibit ocean dumping, as other laws have in the past. It also allows for the research and development of safe and effective methods of disposal.

The world ocean is our basic life source. It has accepted our byproducts and wastes since ancient times, and allowed our civilizations to grow.

It has the strength to accept and disperse our radioactive elements, protect us from airborne pollutants, prevent the contamination of our fresh water, and continue to give us nourishing food.

Toxic wastes are a fact of modern life, and we are forced to accept them. The ocean will accept them, too, if we are cautious moderate in our disposal.

Knowledge is the key factor; until we know more, we must be extremely careful.

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EC-SAR: Waterfront's prize baby

Since then, EC-SAR has established a solid reputation in the St. Pete area. It is also the only group of its kind in the country.

Heather Hanson,
staff writer

"Beep. Beep. Beep." Put down fork, get up.... Somebody else can take the tray up.... Move quickly "Code Red". Out of the cafeteria. "Beep"...run...run..."Beep".

I had originally planned to begin this article by describing an exciting Eckerd College Search and Rescue (EC-SAR) case, figuring that excitement would catch the **IMPACT** reader's attention.

But most EC-SAR cases are not exciting life or death situations. (Unless you would consider your \$80,000 yacht as part of the family.)

A typical case is a 2 hour test of each member's technical and leadership skills. Quick decisions and intense concentration are necessary for the success of every case.

However there is excitement behind the scenes of EC-SAR.

Bill Covert, Director of Water Safety, talked about how his idea for this project began back in 1971 when Eckerd was called, Florida Presbyterian College.

The waterfront docks were not as developed as they are now and most of the boats were "past their prime." As a result students were frequently grounded, capsized, or in other danger when out on Frenchman's Creek. Following a particularly bad incident, Covert encouraged the best sailors on campus to provide boat and dock safety services to Eckerd students.

The group grew in number and skill over the next few years. Crew members often used their skills to help other mariners that they passed while out on rescue missions. Thus, Covert proposed an experiment in the spring of 1977; the group voted "yes" to offering their services to the general public.

The Coast Guard refers cases to EC-SAR when they are busy and when the case is close to Eckerd College. A Coast Guard spokesman said, "We couldn't do without them. They do a really good job."

Lynn Russell, Assistant Director of Watersports, attributes EC-SAR's success to the high structure and discipline.

The group sets a precedent for and other ambitious water and safety groups as it stands, yet Covert says, "The organization has not yet reached its growth potential." Future goals include sending EC-SAR members around the state to give demonstrations on boat and dock safety to schools.

Further EC-SAR expansion is presently restricted by a lack of funds, according to Russell.

Russell said that all of that all of EC-SAR's boats and most of their equipment are donated by local businesses and members of the general public. Refurbishing then reselling donated boats is their only means of income.

Today the group consists of 25 thoroughly-trained students, alumni, and faculty. Last year they received 300 case requests, ranging from grounders (of which EC-SAR has a 98% success rate on), tows, mechanical problems, out of gas, and human rescue.

People representing a wide variety of majors and personalities join EC-SAR. Freshman member Murray Fournie says, "Even though we are very different people, we share a common goal...to help other people."

Senior member Kirsten Snellenburg, with more years of experience under her belt, elaborated more about the typical EC-SAR member, saying that, "EC-SAR members have sincere dedication, a



Constant training keeps EC-SAR members in top shape.

"The organization has not yet reached its growth potential."—Bill Covert

willingness to learn, and the ability to work hard for long term goals."

Those last two qualities, Snellenburg says, are a must for EC-SAR members. Most hopeful members begin training without any prior boating experience. And EC-SAR members are not receiving class credit, even though they must take regular tests during training.

Persons interested in EC-SAR membership must first go down to the waterfront and fill out an application, but that's the only easy step of the training.

Prospective members begin attending meetings and participating in EC-SAR activities at the beginning of the semester.

Russell said, "The only way for a person to tell if EC-SAR is right for them is to become directly involved with the team activities."

This "trial membership," which is called Phase I, includes learning basic kinds of boating techniques, taking study skills classes, maintenance training and studying the 600 page "Blue Bible", which all EC-SAR members must know cover to cover.

They must buy any equipment

"EC-SAR members have sincere dedication, a willingness to learn, and the ability to work hard for long term goals."—Kirsten Snellenburg

necessary, including the blue EC-SAR hat. During Phase I, trial members are periodically asked if they are still interested in EC-SAR.

The number of trainees that stay with EC-SAR is a small percentage of the ones who begin training; this year 4 out of 25 remained. But, according to Russell, EC-SAR's present training facility can only handle a limited number of people anyway.

Phase II, which is second semester training, goes further in depth. Leadership and communication skills are even worked on, since split-second decision making is as necessary on a case as knowing the procedures. As Freshman Alan Chandler put it, "Each case has its own quirks."

All EC-SAR members return for Autumn Term training after which new members are considered to be trained at the base level. The team repeats many drills during Autumn Term, which is how Senior member Kirsten Snellenburg found out about EC-SAR. She was asked to be a victim for one of EC-SAR's drills and was so impressed by the intensity and teamwork of the members that she joined.

After reaching "base level," members are encouraged to continue training in an area of specialization. Options include Senior Crew, Emergency Medical, Land Leadership, Navigational Training, and Dive Rescue. EC-SAR believes that learning should be a continuing process.

EC-SAR members appear to be a very close group. Chandler, who joined EC-SAR for a crash course in discipline, said that, "EC-SAR is the closest thing that I have to a family at Eckerd."

Snellenburg said, "After spending so many hours together of experiencing the same experiences, especially on cases, you reach a special understanding with the other members."

Well, what about fun? Other than the self-satisfaction members receive from helping other people, EC-SAR members say that they have two chances a year to forget about their first aid skills and lay back. One is the Christmas party, but the biggest is the EC-SAR Banquet.

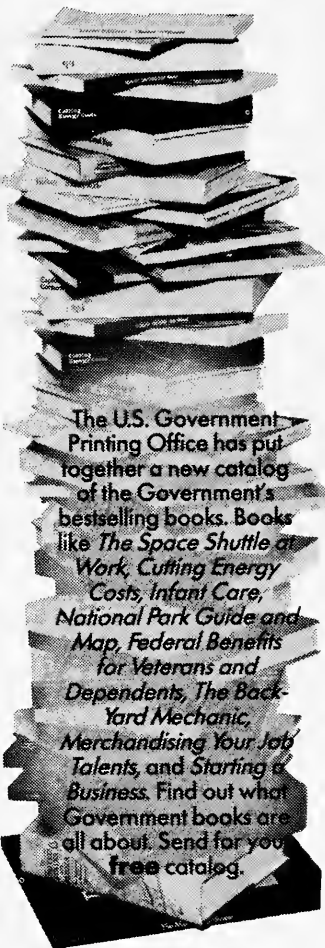
At the latter, alumni members join present members to share memories of EC-SAR adventures. Even humorous awards are given...I wonder who will get the "Bronze Screw" award this year?

EC-SAR members learn pride, leadership, time management, and the ability to make split-second decisions, all of which helps the individual in other aspects of life.

Covert, Russell, or any of the EC-SAR members say they are always willing to talk to prospective members. EC-SAR is even willing to create new positions to accommodate individual's interests and skills.

Snellenburg said, "Anyone who is dedicated can take on EC-SAR. And you get out of it what you put in. Looking back it's definitely a big asset to my days at Eckerd."

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The Old Man and The Sponge

Fiction

by Russ Newman

He was an old man named Vernie and he sponged in the Gulf of Mexico in a dilapidated dinghy named Salao and he had gone eighty-four weeks without a catch. For the first ten months, a boy named Nicholas had sailed with him. But the boy's parents, convinced that Old Vernie was jinxed, had ordered him to take up another occupation. That left Vernie to sponge alone, his fruitless hours filled with memories of the past; when the streets of Tarpon Springs had been filled with spongers - good men, from the Old Country.

One morning, the sky was as dull and gray as the peeling paint on Salao. Vernie decided to go sponging anyway. Nicholas, forbidden by his parents to go sailing, awoke early to send him off with words of encouragement and hope. "What is it?" he asked. "What makes you go out when you have not caught even the tiniest of sponges for almost two years?"

"It is a feeling," the old man said. Despite the dreary weather, he felt confident. "I feel that today I will catch a bigger sponge than I have ever caught before."

"Good luck," said the boy, the unspoken, but implied "You'll need it," adding much weight to the meaning.

"Thank you," Vernie said. He fitted the oars into their locks and rowed away until Nicholas standing on the wooden sponge docks was no more than a fly resting on a piece of driftwood.

After several hours of rowing, the sun was high and bright and Vernie was far from shore. The now-sparkling water was too deep to sponge.

Now look what you have done, he thought. You have rowed far away from the shore and now the water is too deep to hook sponges from the bottom.

"I must turn around," he said aloud, holding one oar stiff in the water, letting the current turn his dinghy.

Vernie did not remember when he had first started to talk aloud when he was alone. He had hummed when he was alone underwater in the old days, diving for the Cocoris brothers: John, George, and Louis. He had probably started to talk aloud, when alone, when he was in the insane asylum. But that was long ago and he did not remember.

"What does it matter?" he said aloud. "I have no one to talk to but myself. And the rich have radios to talk to them and bring them the political news."

Now is no time to think of politics, he thought. Now is the time to think of only one thing, that which I was born for.

Vernie stopped when he could see the green of the shore. He moved to the front of the boat and looked through a cumbersome "waterglass". He held a hook pole in his left hand.

Below him, perhaps six fathoms or more, he saw a bed of yellow sponge. But his pole was only thirty feet long and he could not reach.

The water is still too deep, he thought. Vernie sat down between the oars and rowed Salao in towards the shore.

"Now I am close enough and the water will be shallow," he said.

Vernie moved back to the front of the boat to look into the murky waters. Two men are usually needed to hook sponges, one to row and one to hook, but the boy had left and the old man was left to do both jobs by himself.

The water here is shallow, he thought. I will be able to hook any sponges that lie on the ocean floor below me.

As Vernie looked through his glass-bottomed bucket, Salao drifted slowly in the soft Gulf current. Just then, the boat stopped suddenly, as if some unknown hand held it.

"I have run aground on a sandbar," Vernie said aloud. He reached forward with the hooking pole to push free. The pole did not work and Vernie leaned on the bow to see what kept him from his work. The sight made his eyes widen and his mouth drop open.

"Holy Father," he said. "It is not a sandbar or a rock. It is a giant sponge!"

Vernie took his bucket and looked into the water. The sponge was perhaps ten or fifteen feet in size. The old man had seen many great sponges. He had seen some as big as men. Now, alone in his dinghy, he was stuck fast to the biggest sponge he had ever seen and bigger than he had ever heard of.

"I am not religious," he said. "But I will say ten 'Agiassmos' that I should bring this sponge back to port. That is a promise." He commenced to say his prayers, sometimes forgetting them and then saying them fast so they came automatically. I should have been a Catholic instead of a Greek Orthodox, he thought. Hail Marys are easier to say than Agiasmos.

"When O Lord Thou was baptized in the river Jordan, the worship of manifestation of the HOLY SPIRIT was proclaimed. For the voice of the Father bare witness calling thee his beloved Son; and the Spirit in the form of a dove confirmed the truth of that word. O Christ our GOD, who had revealed thyself, and has enlightened the world, glory be to thee."

Just then, a small white bird landed next to Vernie and he grabbed it, snapped its neck like a dry twig, and devoured it, for he had not eaten all day

and now the sun was on the down side of the sky. He prayed again, "Thank you, O Lord, for the nourishment which YOU have sent me."

With his prayers said, and feeling much better, but stuck exactly as much, the old man leaned against the wood of the bow and began to work his boat free.

The sun was very hot although a breeze was blowing gently.

By sundown, Vernie had freed his boat from the sponge, but it was too late to bring it back to port. Not wanting to leave his sponge, he threw a rope around it to hold Salao close during the night.

Vernie lay down in the stern of his dinghy, but he was too excited to fall asleep. Instead, he thought about the price that "Melathi", as he called the soft, silky-textured sponge, would bring at the Sponge Exchange, which held auctions Tuesdays and Fridays at 9:30 a.m.

Before long, Vernie fell fast asleep. He dreamed about how Salao would look with a new paint job.

He dreamed about how all the young spongers would treat him with respect. And he dreamed about his wife, Rali, who had left him many years ago.

He awoke with a start. His left hand had fallen asleep. It felt as though thousands of tiny pins were pushed into and then pulled out of his wrist, his fingers, his palm.

"To hell with it," he said aloud. "I am too old. My best sponging days are gone and now I am all alone and my hand hurts."

No, I will stay and catch the sponge, he thought. That is my only concern now. I will endure the pain. After all, I must be worthy of the great Carter who ran the Presidency while suffering from the pain of hemorrhoids. What is a hemorrhoid, anyway? he asked himself. Would it hurt worse than the pain in his hand?

"I do not know," he said. "I have never had a hemorrhoid."

As the sun came up, he remembered the time he had been diving and had gotten the bends from coming up too quickly. He knew that that had hurt, but he could not remember how much.

It does not matter now, he thought. All that matters is this sponge and that I have to bring it back to me.

"But how?" he asked. "The sponge is larger than my boat and I surely cannot bring it aboard."

First things first, he thought. I can do nothing else until I have freed Melathi from the rock he is attached to.

Vernie worked all day long, rowing his boat around the sponge, hooking it near its root, and pulling gently so as not to tear it.

By noon, he had worked all around the edges free and he felt that he would be able to slowly turn the sponge over. But then Vernie felt faint and sick and remembered that he had not eaten anything since the bird the day before.

Vernie sat down and waited for his head to clear. Do not think about food, he thought. Tomorrow, I will buy a steak with the money I get from selling my friend, the giant sponge.

He stood up and went back to his hooking. Just before the sun set, he had freed the sponge and it floated to the surface. Vernie tied a rope around the handle of his knife and then sank the blade into the sponge. That will keep it close, he thought. Maybe I will be able to tow it behind me as well.

"That can wait until morning," he said. He saw a patch of yellow Gulf weed floating in the water beside him and he reached for it as it passed by. He shook it and the small shrimps that were in it fell to the floor of Salao. There were more than a dozen of them and Vernie pinched their heads off with his thumb and forefinger and ate them chewing up the shells and tails. They were tiny but he knew they were nourishing and they tasted good.

The darkness gathered quickly and the old man stretched out as much as he could for his second night alone in the dinghy. In the morning, he would tow the sponge back to Tarpon Springs where it would be sold on the Sponge Exchange and Vernie would be able to repaint Salao and find young spongers to help him.

He awoke with the moon high above him. It was as bright as a silver dollar before several dark clouds moved in front of it and obscured its light.

"Good," he said. "I am thirsty and it will rain."

Vernie opened a container and set it so it would catch rain as it fell. Then he pulled his wool sweater over his white hair and waited. It was early in December, but he was not cold.

The rainstorm was brief but violent. The wind blew Vernie's little dinghy around and water splashed into the boat. When it was over, calming almost as suddenly as it had started, Vernie put the container, now-filled, to his lips. He swallowed less than a mouthful.

He sneezed and spit the water out. His throat was sore and his chest felt heavy from the toxic protozoans in the water.

"No, don't let it be," he cried out. "Please don't let it be."

But there was no odor, so there was no way for him to tell in the darkness. He sat down again and waited until it would be light enough to see. He tried not to sleep, but he did and he dreamed about a joke someone had once played on him, tying a dollar bill to a string and then pulling it down the street while Vernie chased it.

He awoke with the first light of day and looked into the ocean, expecting to see the worst. He saw it.

The water around Salao was muddy and clouded with a red-greenish hue. Dozens of fish, large and small, of all types and colors, floated on the surface.

Vernie did not want to look at his sponge, but he did. The protective black skin was gone and the sponge gave off an un-pleasant smell. When Vernie pulled on his knife, the entire sponge disintegrated into tiny pieces. It was worthless now.

"Red Tide," he whispered. His throat was still sore. He started to cry. "The catch of my life and it is ruined by the blight."

I should have quit long ago, he thought. After I got out of the hospital I should have hung up my hook. Now it is too late.

And with those final thoughts, the old man slumped down dead in his dinghy, the failure, in many ways, that he thought he was.

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P.O. Box 33705 • 1145 19th Street NW •
Washington, DC 20033

Please tell my representatives in Congress that I oppose H.R. 2911 or any legislation that would impose taxes on audio recorders or blank tape.

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____ Phone _____

Signature _____





Mary Zinnik

Remembering...
a laid-back,
cool jazz night



SPORTLIGHT: Tae Kwon-do

Robin Dunn, Sports Feature Editors

Tae Kwon-Do is a style of Martial Arts brought to America from Korea. It is strictly a defensive style. "The heart of Tae Kwon-Do is, to know yourself, to discover your weaknesses and make them into strengths, to build self confidence and self-respect".

Classes here at Eckerd are open to all students for a small fee of \$10 a month. The classes are taught by Raymond and Mary Adams. Because of lack of proper equipment, sparring is limited to Friday classes which are held outside. Classes are held in a friendly environment but respect to the higher belts is imperative.

When students first come to classes they learn punching and kicking techniques and proper stances. A beginner starts as a White Belt. As the student improves he begins to learn different forms, a form is a series of punches, kicks, and different stances; a simulated fight. For a student to move to a higher belt he must be tested by a master in three things; breaking board techniques, onestep sparring and a form. In the class we have students ranging from white to black belts. Promotions are held every two or three months.

Classes at Eckerd are unique because not only do we learn Tae Kwon-Do, we also learn other styles of Martial Arts such as Kung-Fu and Karate. We also learn the philosophy of Martial Arts and we learn to meditate to relieve tension.

The following is a poem taken from Tae Kwon-Do magazine, it explains the experience of Martial Arts.

THE WAY OF THE MASTER

I found myself wearing a strange uniform
Bowling to a foreign flag
Represented by a man like myself
Yet beyond myself in his strange art.

All of his students look upon him as the
"Master of the Art"
He represents the way,
The pawa of my future.

The Master has practiced his past
In time he has prepared an ingredient
which
Will guide all of us, step by step,
Format of basic movements.

The Way of the hand and foot
Tae Kwon-Do means serious practice
of
Each and every day drama and events
The body and mind become One.

It is directed by the Master
The Way is distance apart
And only the Master will prove to us
That we are Masters within ourselves.

First we must be true to ourself
Trust, respect and give full attention
To understand our Master
To know oneself as Master.

Within ourselves we'll find "The Way"



The team that won the heart of Eckerd

Eric Toledo, sports staff

The 1986 Eckerd College Baseball Team began its season with a bang. The Tritons opened the young season by winning their first ten games of the season. Standing 10-0, the Tritons suddenly were a team to deal with. Pre-season rankings saw Eckerd ranked 7th in the nation in Division II baseball, and at the time of this publication the Tritons are ranked 3rd in the nation. Eckerd's success has brought them the type of recognition they have long awaited.

The team is well balanced and very organized. The infield consists of third baseman Mike Mauro (a senior). Mike has a "major league throwing arm," plus his bat will help the Tritons with some offensive punch. Scott Thomson plays the shortstop position as well as anyone. Thomson is a junior, and a very competitive ball player. Mark (Mouse) Morawski, an all-around athlete, is a senior. Mark is one of the team's Tri-Captains. First base duties are shared by Andy Harter and Tom Beckman. Both Beckman and Harter have outstanding lefthanded power, and are capable of supplying the Tritons with a lot of RBI's. The Tritons have three gifted catchers in Rich Piergustavo, Chris Carter, and Mark Brown. Piergustavo supplies good defensive play, and Carter supplies a good offensive bat. The outfield is made up of Gary Noble, Mick Pina and Scott Perry. Noble is a Junior, Pina a sophomore and Perry a freshman. Noble supplies righthanded power, and will deliver a number of homeruns and RBI's for Eckerd. Pina has showed his bat skills with impressive offensive numbers, but he is known for his speed in the outfield and his strong throwing arm. Perry has caught the eyes of many a Triton fans. Scott is having an outstanding freshman season. He is one of the leaders in homeruns and RBI's.

The Tritons' line up can be described as a pitcher's nightmare, according to Triton fans. The pitching staff sees Chris Seaman, Andy Joyner, Bill Bailey (Tri-captain) and Terry Grantas as starters. Kevin Boocock, Marty Deubler, Steve Frew, Jimmy Hoog, Scott Kezman, Chris Nenal, Lonnie Moore and John Gunn (Tri-captain) provide help out of the bull pen. Eckerd's success so far is attributed to their team spirit, and their spirit of togetherness.

"The team concept has been stressed more this year than in previous years. We are really organized and you can just see everyone pulling for each other," stated Tim McDonald, a reserve shortstop. When asked about the excitement among the team and its chances to win a title, Mick Pina said, "How can you not be excited when you are ranked third in the nation? Our goal since day one was and is to bring Eckerd a national title. Our chances are as good as any. Bringing a title to this school is just around the corner. So far this year we've been having great support, and good crowd turnouts. We've been in a few situations this year in which if it wasn't for our excellent crowd support I don't think we would've pulled it off. Thank you to the Eckerd fans for being so supportive."

Please continue to support the baseball team; they work very hard at winning not only for themselves, but for our community.





*The 7th Annual Renaissance Festival . . .
the color, the feasting, the fun*



The splashes of color . . . children laughing . . . everybody feasting—that's what the Largo Renaissance Festival is all about. As you walk through the main gates, you walk into another time. It was a set of weekends to remember.



Mary Zimmik



The New ECOS: Will it measure up to its promises?

Mary Zimnik, Editor

Campus Politics

ECOS (Eckerd College Organization of Students) has had quite an interesting history.

It's gone from the strength, charisma, and sometimes even scheming of the two-year reign of Harry Goldsbrough to the sometimes quiet, sometimes turbulent period of a rare female president, Nancee Adams.

What's in store for ECOS's future? Many changes.

Our all-male team next year is faced with many existing challenges, and yet, they are still toying with the creation of their own.

Their experience, determination and talent apparently is well noticed since four out of the five practically won landslide victories.

However, can they handle everything that next year is going to throw at them at once?

These guys are going to have to learn how not to spend a strong portion of \$120,000.00 on alcohol. That's not easy when ECOS has supported itself on precedents of just that nature.

But it goes further. We're not just talking about abiding by state drinking age law. ECOS plans on not spending any money funded through the budget on booze.

COLD TURKEY.

Ok, Chris Roby is energetic, enthusiastic and can probably still keep the campus satisfied with just a BYOB policy.

Says Roby, "I will guarantee weekly entertainment and a major concert, i.e. what the students want -- not Molly Hatchet or BOWWOWWOW."

But outside of the new alcohol policy and its associated problems (possible termination of the Pub) what other problems do these ECOS officers face?

For one, they're in the middle of turning Eckerd's student government upside down.

At the time of the publication of this issue, LC will probably be making some major decisions about completely revising the ECOS Constitution.

We're talking complete revisions.

Goldsbrough did that three years ago when ECOS went into debt. We're not in debt. The school might be, but ECOS usually functions with more money than it can spend. So, why is LC revising Goldsbrough's Constitution?

That's a good question.

It seems though that unanimously, those in power at the time of early planning for these revisions felt it was time for ECOS to make change.

Most of the Constitution's body is undergoing exploratory surgery

"Being here this summer, I can get the ground laid-out for the next year to get away from burning-out."

*—Wayne Harwell,
ECOS President*

right now, for better or for worse.

The biggest change, however is Roby's idea to separate SAB from the Executive office.

His idea here is to eliminate a sole purpose of the student government -- providing campus wide programming. While it's isn't such a terrible thing, ECOS is supposed to work as a representative organization, not just a catering service.

So, what does the President, Wayne Harwell have planned in this newly revised representative role?

"As president, I want to do with ECOS what it should be. I want to be able to offer to the students what they want from a student government."

His idea of an "Eck-Network" may be a solid way of doing just that.

In a nutshell, Harwell idealizes to get those students that aren't necessarily in leadership roles involved in ECOS.

He plans to form an informal group that will serve as a vocal connection between him and the students outside of the official connections.

Apparently Harwell plans on doing a lot of walking next year. Expect to see him in your dorm.

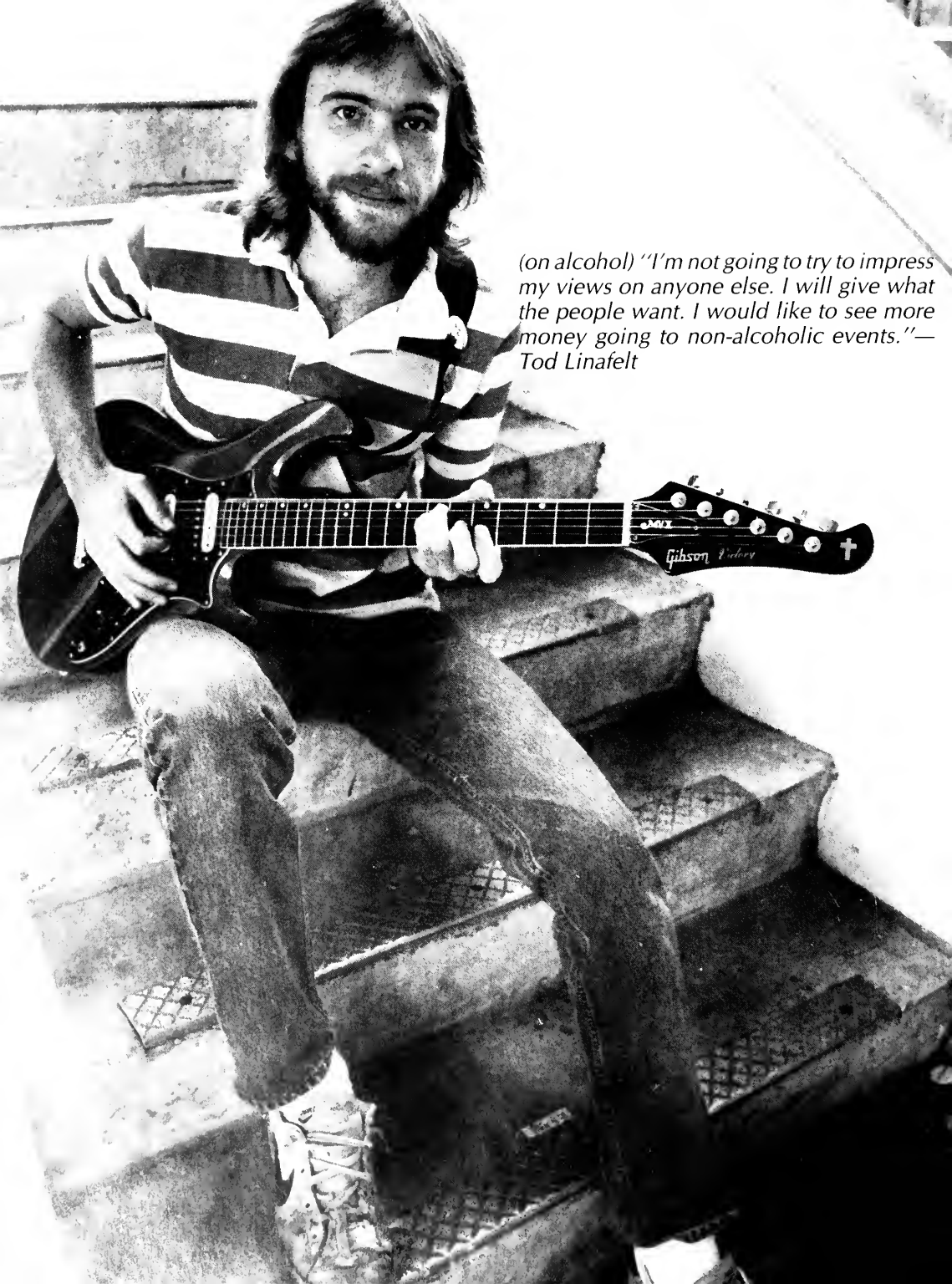
Ok, these guys have experience, charisma, student support, and even their own close friendships. But what don't they have?

They have no female leadership. At the time this was written, there was strong evidence that showed that next year, there will be no females in any strong position in ECOS. That is, no females will be in control of money.

The responses from all five officers-elect were basically the same. They all implied that it was a "sign of the times," "the way the cards are falling," but, "can't let that be a set back."

They all stated, in one way or another, that if females wanted those positions and were qualified, they merely needed to apply.

But, they weren't going to push it. None of them said that they would make a special attempt to pull in females, or any other minority. They all stated that qualifications, no matter what sex or race, is what is to be considered in placement of ECOS job positions.



*(on alcohol) "I'm not going to try to impress my views on anyone else. I will give what the people want. I would like to see more money going to non-alcoholic events."—
Tod Linafelt*







(on his fellow ECOS officers) "We all think the same way, but we think that we should think different. We are all good friends and it could lead to problems. Wayne is strong enough to lead us."

Fred Johnson's magic mesmerizes Eckerd

Brian Mahoney, Eck-life writer

Fred Johnson is one hard working player. He is a musician, a showman, a short, black man without any hair on his scalp, but mostly he is an entertainer. He is the magical voice of the Fred Johnson New Jazz Sound that is gaining significant momentum especially since his recent success at the Gasparilla celebration in Tampa. Johnson brought his fresh sound to Eckerd Friday Night, February 21, for highlighting a toe tapin', knee slappin' S.A.B. celebration in the Zeta Quad. The Fred Johnson New Jazz Sound is made up of Kamau Kenyatta on keyboards, Ted Thomas on drums, and the man himself breathing magic into a microphone.

For a performer who seems very carefree on stage, Johnson is intensely serious about his music and his role as an artist. In the following conversation he reveals some convictions about his work and portrays the image of talent and dedication necessary to become a great entertainer.

IMPACT: Describe, if there is one, the distinguishing characteristic of the Fred Johnson Sound.

JOHNSON: I guess it's largely improvisational, sort of a mixture of traditional jazz improvisation and contemporary music today. I make a concentrated effort to interweave with the musicians and really, really try to use the voice as an instrument.

IMPACT: What other sounds and artists have you been inspired or influenced by?

JOHNSON: I was inspired by Big Bands mostly, my favorite vocalist is Nat King Cole, but I'm generally motivated by a lot of different forms of music, both domestic and international, traditional American standard jazz music, some of the pop things that are happening now. A lot of Brazilian music and African music. So it's just kind of a mixture of all those things.

IMPACT: How long has the band been together?

JOHNSON: Well, this band collectively has only been together a short period of time, just a few months. But the keyboard player and I, Kamal Kamyatta have been working together for six years and we've more or less had the Kamal Kamyatta Quartet with various musicians, but this particular band's been together, oh let me say three months.

IMPACT: You must put in long hours of practice, but this is your job and you seem to enjoy it so much that it looks like play. Is it more of one than the other?

JOHNSON: I did initially. Right now because we perform 4 or 5 nights a week, we usually have a rehearsal once a week, and everybody kind of individually, just to keep your chops so to speak or to keep their technique, probably practices individually, but collectively we don't do a lot of practicing because we work so much. Getting to the second part of your question, the performances are very hard work. It's enjoyable, and I think anybody who does something

that they want to do or that they enjoy doing, you know, there's a certain amount of pleasure that comes from it. But it's hard work. I mean at the end of an evening, after doing 3 or 4 hours of music you're tired, emotionally and physically, I try to put as much emotion as I possibly can into what I do, so at the end of the night I'm pretty spent.

IMPACT: Let's talk about the beginning of the night. Your pre-show mood must play an important part in how a performance turns out. How do you control bad ones and promote good ones?

JOHNSON: I guess fortunately or unfortunately in the entertainment business, whether you're an actor or whether you're a musician, if you're a player; an entertainment person we are not or should not have the luxury of bringing whatever emotional feelings we have up onto the stage. So I pretty much drop all that I feel right before I go on and live for that moment on the stage so that certainly, you know, during the course of one's life you experience a lot of things that are negative and a lot of things that are positive and you try to draw off the positive which is much easier. But those negative things have to be left at the stage door, if you're going to give your best effort, I think.

IMPACT: Is there anything unique that you might do (aside from music) on stage when you're at the height of a really super "groove"?

JOHNSON: No, not really, I don't think so. I try to be on all the time so that would be a hard answer for me. I guess the audience would have to answer that I'm sure that. People who've seen me a lot can say "yeah, he does this or that" but I don't know.

IMPACT: Would you rather play college campuses or night clubs and why?

JOHNSON: I enjoy concerts, really, I like college campus concerts because it influences an opportunity to kind of be very musically expressive about the kind of music I want to play. But I do enjoy night club work too, but because of the kind of performance that I do, concerts are my most desirable thing to do.

IMPACT: You've been here (Eckerd) before. How well are you received here as compared to other places?

JOHNSON: Very well. I mean, I travel all over the world and I come back here each time because I enjoy it. If I didn't I wouldn't be back. We always have fun here.

IMPACT: Finally, you played "Gasparilla" and now in the wake of the success, the Fred Johnson Sound is gaining more and more prominence. How are you responding to this increase in popularity?

JOHNSON: Well, that's why we do what we do, because we want the public to like what we do and the public liking what we do indicates more dollars and a higher level of accessibility and that's an exciting thing. That's the reason why I continue to perform. I think I will always perform as long as the crowd wants me to. We are all kind of slaves to the roar of the crowd and that's why you get up and do what you do. Because you have a concept, a musical idea, that you want to convey and if it's received in a positive way and that gives you confirmation that what you think is musically correct is right, and that's the optimum thing; to have more and more people like what you do.



Eckerd is the melting pot of colleges

Commentary

Kim Boss, Staff Writer

As an international studies major I tend to become over zealous and thoroughly intrigued by anything foreign: politics, business, culture.

But the thing that I really enjoy are the foreign people here at Eckerd.

The Alpha complex behind the cafeteria, houses students from almost every pocket of the globe. There are representatives from Central and South America, the West Indies, Africa, Europe, the Middle East, Japan, and on and on. I still don't completely understand why everyone isn't just "dying" to meet foreign students, however the phenomenon can be explained to some extent.

Americans are not especially prone to foreigners because throughout our history we have enjoyed wealth, power, and friendly (or weak) neighbors. For a long time our government wasn't interested in international affairs unless forced to take a side during war. And we have never been forced to speak another language to communicate effectively besides English, except maybe in Miami.

Recently in a foreign language class a professor asked a group of his students how many of them knew an ELS student. To his surprise no one raised their hand. A discussion followed in which the students exposed their various reasons for not having ELS friends...ELS students don't stay long enough to develop relationships; they would rather be with their foreign friends than talk with Americans; the language and culture gap is just too large to bridge; etc.

Unfortunately their views seem to be typical of almost all students on campus. Because there are so many international students on our little but lovable campus, we ECK students tend to treat them as a separate entity with whom we

don't have time to bother.

Time is valuable to all of us thus we enjoy spending our spare with old friends. And besides all these reasons are actually excuses for our poor attitude and behavior toward our foreign guests. And yes they are guests even if they pay money to attend school here like the rest of us.

In many foreign countries a guest is a treasured thing. It's too bad that this is such an unpopular view here at Eckerd.

Reaching out to someone is much easier said than done, especially when it can be intimidating. Maybe you can't understand what they are asking, or you can't spell the word they are looking for. Yes

Unfortunately their views seem to be typical of almost all students on campus.

it's important to realize that with a little effort the awards are great and they come quickly.

Perhaps it would be helpful to know a bit more about these foreigners before we place judgement on them for infringing on our little world. ELS (English Language School) students are tested when they first arrive and placed in one of nine levels, 101 to 109, or in AEC (Advanced English Conversation) for training in business English. True, some students stay for only a month or two but others stay up to 6 months or a year. They live in either Prash house or Mill house for the guys and Gershwin house for the girls. The fourth house is used for administrative offices and classrooms. Most of the students are university age but some are younger and a great deal are professionals.

From my acquaintance with ELSers I have met a doctor from Mexico, social worker from Quebec, businessmen from Japan, an engineer from Saudi Arabia, and a travel agent from Switzerland just to name a few.

Besides their obvious differences there are two things all ELS students have in common. One, they are extremely interested in becoming friends with Americans and two they find it very difficult and discouraging to meet any of us!

These students do not travel across oceans and continents to chat with people from their own country, or even to meet others from foreign places. They come to get to know you and me, to learn our language, our customs, and how we think (especially about their country).

Unknowingly we sometimes make it very difficult for them to understand more about the American they have already heard so much about.

Host families do not always work out to be ideal, public transportation here is abysmal.

St. Petersburg doesn't have much to offer besides a museum or two and the beach, and Alpha complex is segregated from the rest of the dorms. Thus these people really have to make an effort to get to know us, and this can be quite difficult when your best sentence is "Me no speak many english".

With all these obstacles ELS students are almost always determined to make their stay here a good one. Perhaps it's time we started giving them a hand. The next time you see an ELS student at least smile and say Hi. After all, Americans have a reputation for being friendly and open. Don't be afraid of a group of them either. They stick together for protection against the unknown.

The cafeteria is an excellent place to get to know a foreign student. If you're interested in improving the language you've been trying to learn for the past year or just want to find out more about the weather in Europe for example just scout someone out.

They are easy to spot. Just look for someone who is trying to figure out how in the world to eat a baked potato. Who knows maybe you'll even get some information about the career you plan to be going into.

Another place to find an ELSer is at Alpha. Often in the evening you can stroll by and find someone outside to chat with, that is if you're willing to be patient.

Contrary to popular belief, you don't have to have a purpose to visit. The RA's at ELS are great and would be good people to talk to if you're interested in getting a foreign pal. And of course the gameroom is always full of foreigners, not because they are being lazy but because it's a good place to talk to Americans in their spare time.

Eckerd students are truly being inconsiderate by not adopting these people into our campus. Let's take a chance and discover another culture. Let's increase our polyglot power. And most of all let's go find a Brazilian, Japanese, Frenchman, Saudi, Haitian, Spalnard, etc, say hello to them, and share some of Eckerd's humanity. Who knows, the friend you make may be for life!

If you are interested in becoming more involved with foreign affairs at Eckerd you can come to a meeting of one of the following groups:

ISA - International Students Organization

A liaison between American and foreign students which sponsors speakers such as Ambassador Fields on Terrorism, and provides social events such as the annual Valentine's Day Dance and the fashion show coming up this month.

OWC - Organization of World Concerns

This club attempts to make Eckerd students aware of and concerned enough about world problems in politics, economics, and the environment to take action. It worked with volunteer speakers, including a former CIA man and an immigrant lawyer during Central American Information Week.

Amnesty International

Although not a campus organization, the local branch of this group against human rights violations meet in the Humanities building on the second Monday of every month. Presently the group is targeting Apartheid in South Africa by writing letters to the South African government and media requesting the release of its political prisoners arrested during the country's state of emergency. Amnesty plans to hold a candlelight vigil against Apartheid in conjunction with the Afro American Society later this year.

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LAST WORD IN

Melissa MacKinnon,
Head Staff Writer

A Positive Point About Breast Cancer.

Now we can see it before you can feel it. When it's no bigger than the dot on this page.

And when it's 90% curable. With the best chance of saving the breast.

The trick is catching it early. And that's exactly what a mammogram can do.

A mammogram is a simple x-ray that's simply the best news yet for detecting breast cancer. And saving lives.

If you're over 35, ask your doctor about mammography.

Give yourself the chance of a lifetime.™



Saga's profit motives seem to be taking precedence these days over everything else. There was a time where all one had to complain about was the variety and quality of the food. But recently Saga has become more of a prison where food is weighed and students are watched like hawks for any morsel of food they might walk out with.

I realize Saga is a for profit organization. It makes money when students miss their meals.

For profit is the basis of a free enterprise, capitalist system that America so proudly regards and I mutter this over and over again to myself as I walk by the "door guards" who snatch any poor prisoner trying to pass with food.

Then besides sandwiches and such Saga starts making a big deal about taking drinks out. It was perturbing that I couldn't leave with 16 ounces of my favorite caffeine stimulant.

But I even handled that. Then to make sure the students don't get an ounce more than they're allotted, sandwich meats had to be weighed out. This seemed ridiculous and pointless and reminded me of the musical "Oliver" when Oliver dared asked for more soup than the orphans had been allotted.

But I even handled that until the day I learned that I could not even walk out eating molasses cookies. That was the final straw. With only so much time in a day, eating at Saga is not a cherished or lengthy activity. So I eat my meal and if perchance there are molasses cookies I grab 2 on the way out and eat them on the way to my next activity.

Granted it doesn't take too much extra time to eat 2 cookies but it was the seemingly stupidity of the policy that made me angry.

So, definitely I placed the cookies in my pockets and strolled by the door guards. Casually I walked down to the path and then pulled the cookies from my pockets. I would not be denied this ritual.

But of course every rebellion has its drawbacks. As a reminder I had to go throughout the day feeling cookie crumbs in my pockets. When I washed my pants I had to turn the pockets inside out in hopes that the crumbs would not become a permanent part of the pants.

My gripe is not an earth shattering one, but I'm tired of feeling like our meals are part of a prison system where prisoners are watched and carefully guarded to insure no extra food leaves the cafeteria. Not allowing students to leave with meals I can almost understand, but sodas and desserts that are more than likely immediately consumed seems to border on ridiculous. What's next, strip searches?



(top row) Joellyn Ferguson, Monique Quelette, Kim Grey, Melanie Roose, Cheryl Elsie, Willa Superville, Karla Finken, Jen Neckers, Heather Thompson, D'Jamilla Zayyad, Lisa Fritz, Janet Douglas, Eva Nagel. (bottom row) Connie Working, Patty Walsh, Bruna Bruni, Sherry Sharrard, RA, Halima Zayyad, Charlotte Kondracki, Jill Dube

Benedict



Kennedy

(on stairs) Rich McNair, Jesse Wolf, Russ Newman, Brian Talme, John Sebring, Gene Yanovitch, Chase Smith, Scott Schaefer, Rick Rodriguez. (standing) Roger Reed, Sean Murphy, Bob Gray, Max Contag, Mike Merz, Greg Frankl, Dave White, Skip Bradley, Rob Rufenacht, Amy Wallard, Chris Nelson, Pat Cannizzaro. (front) Clint Ferrara, RA



Dante

(top row) Mark Davenport, Alan Chandler, Brian Creighton, Steve Bierenbaum, Dave Sweetall, Craig Roma, Doug Hulst, Tony Verran, Dave Haller, John Maxson. (bottom row) Joel Canfali, Murray Fournie, Tim Wilmot, Robert Wolfenden, Eddie Anderson, Sean Barnes, Barney Earle, Brian Greene, Ted Schroeder, Doug Oliver, RA, Oliver Coleman, Young Woo Hwang.



(top row) Nancee Adams, RA Natalie Everett, Mayuree Dorndeeleers, Lisa Diamonte, Melissa Horton, Charity Karcher. (mid-row) Stacey Johnson, Heidi Steinschaden, Michele Anderson, Mia Meuch, Carolyn May, Sherrie Rounce, (bottom row) Kim Leeper, Jerri-Lynne White, Suzanne Zekri, Kelli Yianilos, Anita Maher

Darwin



(front row) Kim Boss, Seiko Nishiwaki, Olga Otero, Darcie Chapin, Michelle Dalton, Dawn Smith. (mid-row, and in cars) Vicki Hiles, Elsa Alvear, Beth Ustes, Joanna Braddock, Nan Galle, Vilma Colon, Bridgit Corbin. (back row) Susan Jennus, Elaine Potter, Karen Smith, Robyn Maisel, Laura Johnson, Marlon Meyer, RA, Robin Dunn, Caron Moran, Janet Henderson

Henderson



Hiasson

(on floor) Phil King, Kevin VanderKolk, RA, (front row) Andy Harter, Scott Preston, Terry Wikoff, Ian Johnson, Lou Chianella, Ken Hayes, Carlton Pierce. (mid-row) Bart Allen, Tom Beckman, John Peppe, HERB. (top row) Frank Fufaro, Mark Morawski, George Garcia, Eliasib Ortiz, the TROLL, Chris Wikoff, Scott Roucher



Kirby

(top row) Ame Mattingly, Cheryl Burke, Heather Hanson, Shana Smith, Sherry Boyer, Caroline Lester. (mid-row) Doreen Erikson, Lisa Slanis, Nancy Vincent, Mara Mazacco, RA, Laurie White, Helen Cornwall, Janet Scarlot, Stephanie Phass. (bottom row) Brandi Bates, Sarah Bexter, Penny Jacobs, Cara Ganny, Kim Smith, Kim Cleaver



Hubbard

(top row) Chris Roby, RA, Brandi Bates, Andy Haines, Pat Kyle, Greg Toole, John Hillier, Scott Bellefleur, Rich Scallion, Dave DiSalvo, Eric Larson, Paul Foerester, Steve Lombardo, Jeff Grande, Dave Phillips, Norlekl Hotta, Keith Abbott, T. Jay Farley. (bottom row) Bill Wayland, Rob Williams, Craig Fleming, Martin Lane, Bill Crombie, Gus Pillarte, Greg Butler, Cam Burnham, Antonio Martino

WECD



Mary Zimmik

Where Eckerd College Rocks